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BY BILL WRIGHT

4/1 PARK STREET ST. KILDA VICTORIA 3182

THE JOURNAL FOR INQUISITIVE READERS



GRAPHICS BY DITMAR

INTERSTELLAR RAMJET SCOOP (THE JOURNAL FOR INQUISITIVE READERS)
PUBLISHED BY BILL WRIGHT, 4/1 PARK STREET, ST. KILDA, VICTORIA 3182

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*"Of all the forms of inequality, injustice in health
care is the most shocking and inhumane."*

Dr Martin Luther King

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This Issue's Cover

Life at the Edge

Some months ago, by the time you read this, Bill Wright, Merv and Helena Binns, and I were dining together at my local pub in Carnegie, the Rosstown. Bill had had to make the somewhat lengthy journey by train, and since public transport in Melbourne is occasionally not entirely prompt he was a few minutes late. He arrived in a storm of enthusiasm, waving a paperback copy of the James White omnibus '*General Practice*' which contained two *Sector General* novels – '*Code Blue – Emergency*' and '*The Genocidal Healer*'. This was the first time, Bill assured us, that the latter novel had been published in England, and it was, as he said again and again, the best in the series.

Now, I am a great fan of *Sector General* and Bill's passion for *Healer* decided me to reread it. It is the eighth book in the series, and I felt that to place it properly in perspective I should read the stories in sequence, and so settled down to devour the twelve novels for the fourth time. (As I said, *Sector General* is a favourite, and by the fourth reading, the characters have become, so to speak, part of my literary past. The stories may be familiar, but the pleasure of renewing old acquaintances grows with each reading.) And now I must agree with Bill – '*The Genocidal Healer*' is the most satisfying novel of the series.

The books were with me, very strongly indeed, and I felt I had to, somehow, pay my respects. A graphic seemed the best choice. **However**, as I stress continually in these 'cover notes', it is well-nigh impossible for me to work to a preconceived brief, and so any image – such as the current cover – will not be, indeed cannot be, a faithful rendition. All that I can do is repeat, apologetically, that any graphic is best described as '*inspired by...*' As James White writes:

Far out on the galactic Rim, where star systems were sparse and the darkness nearly absolute, Sector Twelve General Hospital hung in space. In its three hundred and eighty-four levels were reproduced...the environments of all the intelligent life-forms known to the Galactic Federation.

I have taken the liberty in the cover graphic of adding my own amendment to White's description – the hospital is orbiting a red giant star. It seemed to me that *Sector Twelve* was far too important to simply 'hang in space'. In the time in which the stories are set, navigational systems would be virtually foolproof and quite automatic – but, as White points out, galactic conflicts still exist, so there also would be, inevitably, situations where these systems are damaged or inoperable, and when approach to the hospital would have to be made manually. This could be almost impossible unless the structure was identifiable by its surrounds. And what better marker could there be than a solitary red giant star?

In the image, a large craft is departing the hospital, and, in the lower right foreground the ambulance ship, the *Rhabwar* is about to dock. On board, Senior Physician Conway, Dr. Prilicla, pathologist Murchison and nurse Naydrad are looking forward to R&R – mainly rest, though Conway and Murchison will visit the 'beach' recreational area...

Technical notes

As usual, Eon's *Vue 6 Infinite* was used as the generating software. *Sector General* has been clobbered together from a number of models of buildings purchased (yes! money was paid for these!) from Eon's 'shop' *Cornucopia*. Their surfaces, windows, and so on, were modified for the graphic. The two space ships were freebies.

Dick Jenssen

Editorial interpolation

I agree with Dick in the matter of the giant red star. A controversial contemporary of James White, one Lafayette Ronald Hubbard, wrote a series of short stories about Ole Doc Methuselah who was one of a small band of immortal physicians from the Universal Medical Society who range the starways solving medical problems of interplanetary scope. Methuselah uses 'rays of pharmacy' to cure the sick which, if efficacious, appeal to me as being superior to invasive techniques employed by today's earth-bound medicos.

Sector General's red star sun no doubt emits benign healing rays, as distinct from harmful UV generated by Earth's yellow sun. For further exploration of this line of speculation, please refer to Superman comics.

Bill Wright

Clerihew corner

REACH FOR THE SKY

The only thing these chaps have in common is that they both have artificial lower limbs. Bader was featured in the well-known 1956 movie 'Reach for the Sky' starring Kenneth More.

*The metal legs of Douglas Bader
Predate the pins of Lord Darth Vader.
The famous British ace and fighter
Impressed me more than the other blighter.*



GET TO THE POINT, BIRO

The Hungarian-born Lazlo Biro invented the ball-point pen, patenting the invention in Paris after fleeing his native land. He later moved to Argentina, where his given name was rendered as Ladislao, and where he and his mother started up the Biro Pens Company. The rights to the ball-point pen were later bought by Marcel Bich.

*Ladislao Biro
Is a modern-day hero.
His brainwave reduced the amount in
The number of pens that are fountain.*



KAREN BLIXEN

After a failed marriage to Baron Bror von Blixen-Fineckie, Karen Blixen (Isak Dinesen), author of 'Out of Africa', hailed as the greatest pastoral elegy of Modernism, was romantically involved with the English big-game hunter Denys Finch Hatton. There seems to be some disagreement about the level of harmony in the relationship, but there is little to suggest that...

*That vixen
Karen Blixen
Took the baton
To Denys Finch Hatton.*



JEFF BUCKLEY

The best-known version of the Leonard Cohen song 'Hallelujah' was performed by Jeff Buckley on his album 'Grace'. Buckley died at the age of 30 during an ill-considered swim in a tributary of the Mississippi River

*When Jeff Buckley
Rather unluckily
Went for a dip, he
Shouldn't have chosen the Mississippi.*



LEONARD COHEN

As implied above, the songs of Canadian poet and singer-songwriter Leonard Cohen are better received when sung by someone other than Cohen himself. One of the songs most covered is 'Hallelujah'.

*When Leonard Cohen
Was 'in the zone'
He wrote a peculiar
Hallelujah.*



Dennis Callegari



The fountain

MSFC founder Race Mathews' film soirees at his riverside home in the Melbourne suburb of South Yarra are great entertainment. February 2008's showing was **The Fountain** (2006) starring Hugh Jackman. Critics praised this movie as the finest film released in 2006 but it is not to everybody's taste. At least one attendee hated it.

I see *The Fountain* as a convoluted tale of love, death, spirituality, the fragility of human existence in this world and cross-cultural speculations on the next. At right is New Zealand fan artist Dan McCarthy's depiction of the Tree of Life from the movie.



Dick Jenssen says that, despite the film's stunning imagery, he couldn't make much sense of it on first viewing. After seeing it again everything fell into place. I asked him what he meant and he favoured me with the following article...
Have your dictionary handy.

Bill Wright

The Fountain: an exegetic sidebar

Darren Aronofsky's film *The Fountain* has a simple plot: the search for immortality in three time periods, with two different sets of characters – one pair in the past, the other in the present and the future. The search, particularly in the *now* and the *to come*, has as its genesis the love of a man for his dying wife, and his desperate efforts to keep her alive and healthy. The film, however, has a very complex surface structure, playing with, and plaiting, time. The *substructure* is even more complex, so complex that many viewers, who do not make the connections, see the end result as confusing if not pretentious. The film uses many symbols – particularly those of closure and completeness (in the sense of *oneness*) – and has subtexts which include the apparently simple (if not tautological) idea that at their base all religions have an identical core. But, of course, simplicity does not preclude profundity.

A related pair of important symbols used in the film is that of the circle and the sphere. As J. E. Cirlot's *A Dictionary of Symbols* states, the circle stands for – amongst many other concepts – heaven, eternity, perfection. The sphere represents wholeness (of the world or universe, and the soul), and, again, perfection. Both also are related to the idea of the *eternal return* (a concept made extraordinarily vivid and readable in Charles Harness' *The Ring of Ritornel* and *The Paradox Men*).

But the circle and the sphere are but the *beginning* of an infinite series – spheres of any dimension whatsoever. Now Darren Aronofsky's first film was *Pi* which dealt with mathematics (of a sort!), and it seems clear that he has a passion for this subject. It would appear that in *The Fountain* he has considered the sphere as a four-dimensional object, and used it to link together some of his thematic material.

In the third part of Dante's *Divine Comedy*, Dante and Beatrice are ascending into the Empyrean, and see flocks of angels in sphere after sphere – a visual conceit so powerful that Sandro Botticelli made many drawings of this ascent. Following Botticelli, Gustave Dore created an iconic image of this upward journey in his illustrations to the *Paradiso*. However, Dante's description of the *Circles* of Hell and the *Spheres* of Heaven have been judged to be related to the three-dimensional surface of the sphere in four dimensions. In Donal O'Shea's book *The Poincaré Conjecture*, he points out that some mathematicians have seen such a connection*, and the illustration on the right is from his book. Even more remarkable is that Dore's illustration is echoed almost *exactly* in *The Fountain*.

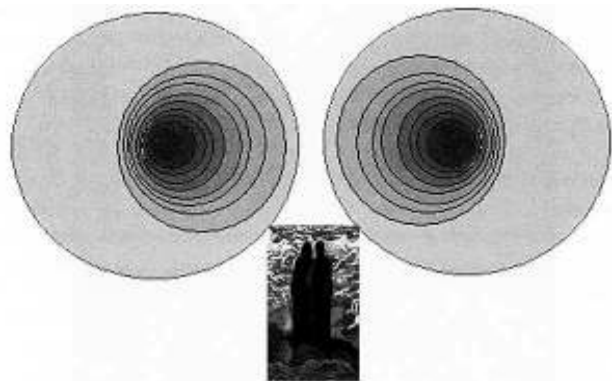
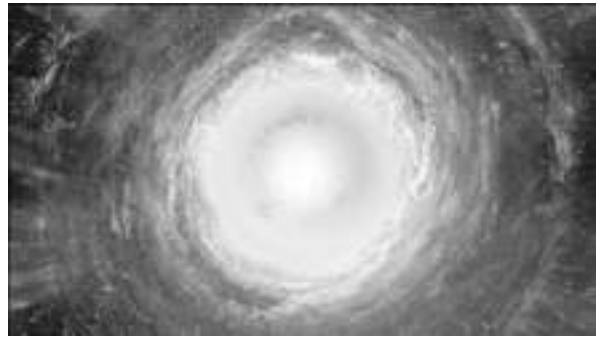


FIGURE 19. Dante and Beatrice (center) staring into the two halves of the universe. At left is a cutaway showing the concentric spherical shells of the visible hemi-universe: The outermost spherical is the Primum Mobile (at whose edge Dante and his muse are standing), then the shell of fixed stars, followed by those of Saturn, Jupiter, Mars, Sun, Venus, Mercury, the Moon, and finally the Earth at the center. On the right is Empyrean, the angelic universe filled out by the spherical shells of the angels, archangels, principalities, powers, virtues, dominions, thrones, cherubim, and the sphere, with the sphere of the seraphim at the center.

* Paterson M. 1979 *Dante and the 3-sphere*, American Journal of Physics, **47**, 1031-1035.



On the left is Dore, above is Aronofsky.
The concordance is much more explicit in the film because of the animation.

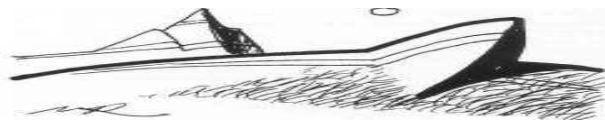


What is also being connected here (besides the extension of the sphere and its associated meanings of completion, oneness, all-inclusivity) is the relation of religion to myth to other forms of spirituality (in particular, Yogism).

This is made explicit in the film, for (*see illustrations at left*) there is an image of Tommy (Hugh Jackman) superposed on the 'Dante' image, which is then connected to the Mayan myth sequence.



Here, then, is a suggestion that religion (Christianity is the exemplar) and Myth and Transcendence are one.



On the right is another view (the next shot in the film) of Tommy's appearance to the Mayan guardian of the *Tree of Life*, the guardian with a flaming sword – a correspondence to the angel of *Genesis* of the *Old Testament*.

The lower illustration is the first image of the film – the connection between Mayan myth and Old Testament religion is made explicit. Note how the background prefigures the Dantean image of Heaven.



In the foregoing, only one or two of the sub-textual elements of *The Fountain* have been touched upon, and those but cursorily. I believe, therefore, that the film will repay many re-viewings. However, the **first** aim of any creative work, as Vladimir Nabokov points out in his *Lectures on Literature*, is that it must provide pleasure – visceral or intellectual pleasure, and preferably both. Even if the discussion above seems to be a *reading into*, rather than a *bringing out of*, the textual context of the film, it is secondary to the initial reaction of the movie. Unless one has enjoyed the basic plot, the mood, the images, the music of *The Fountain*, any discussion is irrelevant. My hope is that, brief as is the above, it may provoke a re-examination of the film if the first viewing produced a negative response.



Finally, a quote from Henry Vaughan's *The World*:

*I saw eternity last night
Like a great ring of pure and endless light,
All calm, as it was bright,
And round beneath it, Time in hours, days, years
Driv'n by the spheres
Like a vast shadow mov'd, in which the world
And all her train were hurl'd.*

which encapsulates many of the themes of *The Fountain*. You'll find this poem in *The Metaphysical Poets*, edited by Helen Gardner, available as a Penguin paperback.

Dick Jenssen

Retro movie review

'The Ritz' ran for a year on Broadway in the 1970s before being adapted for the silver screen. It is a manic movie of mistaken identities and people not so much in the wrong beds as under them. The scene is set when a timid scion of a New York Mafia dynasty takes refuge from his murderous brother-in-law inside a gay bathhouse. Of course, this gives rise to lots of very funny jokes.

Dick Jenssen tells me that Rita Moreno was nominated for an Academy Award for her role as Googie Gomez. Her performance was based on the early career of Bette Midler, who started off as a chanteuse in a bath house called The Everard.

Rita Moreno is one of the very few people who have won an Oscar (film), a Tony (stage), an Emmy (TV) and a Grammy (music) award. There are only nine such stellar performers. John Gielgud and Mel Brooks are two of those greats. Another Academy Award winner in the cast is F Murray Abraham who won a supporting actor statue for *Amadeus*. Abraham is the '*Orgy in Room 205!!!*' guy.



The movie has been reissued on DVD and comes with a warning to anyone uncomfortable with the idea of homosexuality. Straights include those absolutely intolerant of homosexuality, those who can accept its existence with an underlying physical distaste and those who interact easily with gays at a social level.

Anyone in the first two categories should avoid 'The Ritz' at all costs. There is too much pale flesh around unshared intentions and too many male stomachs, arms and faces at too short a range.

For the rest of us, though, 'The Ritz' is an unalloyed delight.

Bill Wright

Paul Torday reviews

Dateline: February 5th, 2008

It is a year since Paul Torday burst on the literary scene with his whimsical tale *Salmon Fishing in the Yemen*. Now his second novel *The Irresistible Inheritance of Wilberforce* is out. Both novels are reviewed here.

Salmon Fishing in the Yemen is presented as an organised collection of diary extracts, emails, letters, interviews and quotes from the Prime Minister's Question Time in the British House of Commons, a format that will be familiar to readers of Harry C Crosby's short stories under the pseudonym Christopher Anvil in the science fiction magazine *Analog* circa 1975. Torday not only shares Crosby's skill in handling that format but also manages to squeeze out vignettes of acid satire that morph occasionally into delicious irony

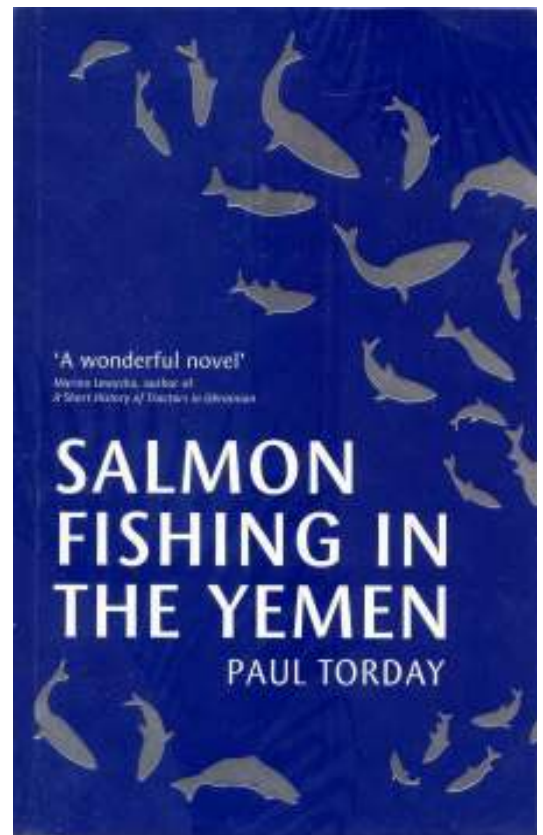
The novel has a serious message to the effect that those who interfere with nature will be punished accordingly - that is flagged at the start and reinforced at the end, but Torday doesn't preach. At its most basic level, *Salmon Fishing in the Yemen* comes across as a sympathetic biography of an obscure and underpaid biologist who is thrust unexpectedly into the maelstrom of world events

In middle age Dr Alfred Jones has everything he needs including recognition from his peers and a better paid spouse in fierce pursuit of an independent career. When he is asked to become involved in a project to create a salmon run in the highlands of the Yemen, he rejects the idea as absurd. But some British politicians think the idea might distract voters from less welcome news coming out of the Middle East and strive to win him over. Eventually the Prime Minister becomes involved and work begins.

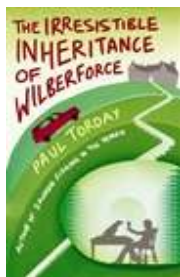
The project is the brain child of a devout and extremely wealthy Yemeni sheik with a passion for salmon fishing in Scotland, who sees no reason why his people shouldn't have the same opportunity in their homeland. Fred meets Harriet Chetwode-Talbot, the sheik's elegant land agent. Both have spouses with independent careers whose absence makes the heart grow fonder. That creates a bond that threatens to blossom into romance.

Despite its marvellously wacky cast of characters this is an extraordinary epic of faith - and fishing - where a jaded scientist discovers a sense of belief and a capacity for love of heroic proportions. It is hard to tell if it has a happy ending. You be the judge.

Buy this book and put it within easy reach on your living room shelf. Paul Torday is insistently re-readable.



Salmon Fishing in the Yemen is published by Orion Publishing Company (UK) and was released for sale on 28th February 2007. Copyright is held by Garnons-Williams, which bought world rights to both this and Paul Torday's second novel. ISBN 9780297851721 Rating ☆☆☆☆



The Irresistible Inheritance of Wilberforce tells its story back to front in a series of three flashbacks. It is about the decline of a rich, work-obsessed, self contained young man into delusion and addiction. Torday's genius morphs that off-putting theme into a readable yarn. On one level this is a clinical study of the disintegration of a personality as seen both from his own perspective and through the eyes of his friends and enemies, but there are subtle undertones. The characterisation is superb. The novel is worth reading for this aspect alone. The writing style is free-flowing in contrast to the first novel which consists largely of diary extracts. I finished the book with the feeling that I will get much more out of it on a re-read.

Publishing details are the same as for Paul's first novel.

ISBN 9780297852933

Rating ☆☆☆

Hypatia

The following ad is for 20 toy librarian figurines, supposedly available from the (giveaway) 'Imaginary Products Incorporated' at \$1.95 apiece. My favourite is the librarian in combat stance. The setting is one in which a lady librarian named Hypatia holds off a mob of book burners with a Mauser pistol until her male colleague has finished shelving.

20 TOY LIBRARIANS

\$1.95

BOOM!

TAKE THAT, YOU BOOK BURNERS!

HOLD THEM OFF, HYPATIA, WHILE I FINISH MY BUSINESS!

SET #100: LIBRARIANS YOU GET:

- 1 SHELVING LOW
- 1 SHELVING HIGH
- 1 POINTING HELPFULLY
- 1 CARRYING BOOKS
- 1 SHUSHING
- 1 COMBAT STANCE
- 1 REPELLING EVIL
- 1 RIDING EVIL ARTS

Each set of these fantastically detailed 8 1/2" figures is cast in pure solid plastic, and stand on their own base. They carry books scaled accurately to their size, and have inscribed titles such as 'WINGS AND NOTHINGNESS', 'WARRIORS AT', and 'SANTA'S 'APRENDIZ 'HOURS OF FUN FOR THE WHOLE FAMILY!'.

COLLECT ALL 6 FABULOUS SETS!

RUSH COUPON TODAY!

IMAGINARY PRODUCTS, INC. DEPT. MWIS
P.O. BOX 10000001

GENTLEMEN HERE'S MY \$1.95 RUSH MY IMAGINARY 20 pc. LIBRARIAN SET TO BE RIGHT AWAY! IF NOT SATISFIED WITH THIS FANTASTIC PRODUCT, I MAY RETURN IT FOR A FULL REFUND IN NON-EXISTENT MONEY.

Name _____ City _____ State _____
Address _____

SET #101: LIBRARY VILLAINS (ORANGE PLASTIC) 20 FIGURES (INCLUDES SUCH FAVORITES AS THE SAMURAI DEMON, ST. CYRIL, AND ABDULLAH KHOURNE)
SET #102: LIBRARY PATRONS (LIGHT BLUE PLASTIC) 20 FIGURES
SET #103: ZOMBIES (GRAY PLASTIC) 20 FIGURES
SET #104: EVIL LIBRARIANS IN RIDING CHOPS (BLACK PLASTIC) 20 FIGURES
SET #105: BOOK BURNERS (RED PLASTIC) 18 FIGURES 2 BOOK PILLS

The original Hypatia was a Greek or Egyptian scholar born between 350 and 370 AD who was considered to be the first notable woman in mathematics. She also taught philosophy and astronomy.

Hypatia lived in Roman Egypt and was killed in 415 AD by a Christian mob which, in typical scapegoat fashion, blamed her for religious turmoil that the Church itself had fomented. Historians believe that her murder marked the end of the Hellenistic Age.

A Neoplatonist philosopher, she was of the school characterised by the third century Father of Neoplatonism, Plotinus. His writings inspired centuries of Pagan, Jewish, Gnostic, Christian and Islamic metaphysical speculation. Hypatia, on the other hand, discouraged mysticism in favour of logical and mathematical studies and, as Philip Pullman might have put it, was hunted down like an animal at the behest of the Magisterium for her pains.



Bill Wright

Stefan Zone

SHAREMARKET UPDATE

Dateline: Wednesday, January 24th, 2008

In case you haven't been following the big story this past week, the share market has been plummeting faster than a novice skydiver without a parachute. Apparently a bear is also on the loose, so if the fall doesn't kill the skydiver, the bear will. This has led to the Australian share market dropping almost 25 % since the dizzying heights of November last year. The share market rollercoaster is on the downward spiral.

Australia is not alone in the fall, or correction, as they like to term it (i.e. The elderly couple slipped and had a 'correction') - the Japanese market has Nikkeid Off, Hong Kong's has Hung at least Ten traders, Germany's been Dacked while in the US, the Dow Jones has Bowed Down and the S&P has been replaced with the new Standard Is Poor.

It was estimated that approximately US\$5 trillion has been lost from sharemarkets this year alone. If you happen to find this money, please return it to your local share market. A reward of \$20 has been offered for its safe return.

All over Australia, people are now being forced to rethink their future plans. Those that were about to retire this year may now need to put their retirement plans off for, oh, say another 50 years. People, who, in November, had enough money in the share market to afford to buy a massive mansion in Toorak, may now be looking at something more downmarket, say a shoebox in Broadmeadows.

My own nest egg has shrunk from the size of an ostrich egg to something more akin of a flea egg. If the market continues to drop, Super companies will be sending out 'Please Pay' notices instead of annual statements at 30 June. So what caused the fall? Some put it down to the Chinese, or, to be more precise, Chinese

whispers. Apparently a closing remark between two share traders set off the downturn. One was heard to say "So, I'll see you at ten?" This was misheard as "Sell SeaView at 10".

The resulting trades set off the bear, which killed the bull in the China shop and managed to tear down some Chinese walls in the process (See, China again). I suppose the Olympics need to get paid for somehow.

Others say that it was the end result of too much greed. How can companies that produce nothing but prospectuses and hot air be worth billions? Why should I fork out \$50 per share but only get 5 cents dividend back and a 55 % chance that the owners will skip the country with the money leaving the investors and creditors owed bazillions? Can I really be fooled into thinking that my 200 bank shares (or 0.0000001 % of shares issued) gives me a voice in what that bank does and what it stands for? (The answers are: Easily; Because I'm dumb; Yes)

While you may be suffering the daily heartache of seeing the ASX slip lower than a Hollywood celebrity, spare a thought for those less fortunate. I've already been approached in the street by share traders begging for cash to invest so they can claw back (there's that bear again) some of the losses they've suffered. My response has been to tell them to stop living off the randomness of the share market and get a real job. So far no-one's taken up my offer of going into my workplace and doing my work done for me. Maybe I should offer something in return.

On tonight's news, they say that the markets have made a slight recovery (i.e. they didn't suffer another 'correction'). That'll give the bear a sore head, but it may not save us from losing the shirts from our backs.

ANOTHER STEFAN ADVENTURE – HEADBUTTED BY A DRUNK

I'm sure you're sick of my adventures by now, but here's another one. They basically write themselves.

Last Friday I was reading on the train home when someone got on at Newport (halfway between Melbourne and Werribee) and sat opposite me. I didn't look up at first, but then heard a funny voice say "Tickets, please". I thought it was one of my nephews, so I looked up, only to see a

drunk bloke probably in his sixties grinning away like a Cheshire cat (one without many teeth). He had a bottle wrapped up in a brown paper bag sitting on the seat next to him. Obviously not my nephew.

I started to read again, but didn't get too far before a finger appeared on the page I was reading and a voice encouraged me to read that part. He must have been a clever drunk to be able to read upside

down. I read on and turned the page, only to have the finger strike the page again ... and again.

By this time I'd given up on trying to read. He'd already tried to talk to a couple of people around him (and got no response), so I thought I'd better have a chat to him.

Soon he was telling me all about the job he used to have at the Newport rail workshops and his family. He'd been to various pubs that day and was on his way back to, of all places, Werribee.

Now, I thought I was doing the right thing here. I said "Why are you catching the train to Werribee? It's not that far to walk." A strange expression crossed his face, so I thought I'd better add, "I bet you would have been able to walk it in your heyday." That was it. The next minute he's

shaking my hand with an even bigger grin on his face.

Every few minutes, he'd grin like mad and shake my hand. This was in between trying to talk to the lady sitting next to him and punching her lightly on the arm a few times. This, unfortunately, continued the rest of the trip to Werribee.

When I tried to get up on Werribee, he got up and shook my hand again, before giving me a hug. The next thing I know, he's knocking heads with me. Another person who was on the train said that, after she got off after me at Werribee, he was still sitting in his seat. (Obviously looking for another Werribee)

Headbutted by a drunk. What a way to end the week.

STEFAN TV – CELEBRITY WATCH 2040

* Welcome back to Celebrity Watch 2040 where we are reviewing the wacky, zany behaviour of celebrities this year. I'm EarthMoonChild2.

- And I'm SunflowerSeedOilBy-Products. E=MC2 is right about the wacky and zany. Just look at the names some celebrities have given their children this year:

- EnviroFreeNatureWalk and EarthHugRain WaterTank have called their newborn son James. I'm sure he'll be teased about his name by his siblings RecycleBag and ReduceWasteNow.

--

* NoToxicWaste and UseLessEnergyByUsingLessEnergy have birth to daughter "Andrea".

- And what were celebrity couple TribalDance and SafetyVest thinking when they called their newborn "John"?

--

* Zapper rapper ClingWrap was again shot on stage as part of escalating tensions between rival rapper groups. This makes it his 29th concert in a row that he hasn't actually performed after being killed. If it wasn't for the fact that scientists turned him into a walking zombie in 2014, it would be hilarious, but his fans don't seem to have noticed the difference.

- Talking about walking zombies, American League Basebrawl is heading for the courts again

after star TopDawg retired last month but refused to relinquish the name to SecondTopDawg. SecondTopDawg has ignored suggestions he change his name to TopDog which, for some unknown reason, hasn't been registered.

--

* Speaking of courts, the American High Court has upheld a ruling that lets I'mFilthyRichSoGetOutOfMyWayOrI'llRunYouDown and IOnlyMarriedHimForHisBillions to call their son I'mStinkingRichSoThere'sNoWay I'mEverPayingForAnythingInLifeWhenI'veGotDaddyToBailMeOutSoWhyShouldIWorkWhenIGetAllTheMoneyIEverNeedSoGimmeGimmeGimme. The Registry of Births Deaths and Celebrity Divorces had tried to stop the name because it was over its limit of 150 characters.

- To TV News now and "That Incident" of 2039 that saw TV Actress Fragrance and her 2 year old daughter Tramp banned from an exclusive inner city kindergarten has been turned into a Hollywood mini series. Actress Wafty will play Fragrance and upcoming young actress Jezebel will play Tramp. It was reported that Bimbo was going to play Fragrance, but Wafty just made more scents.

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* We'll be back after the break for more of the year that was.

INYOURFACEBOOK and GETOUTOFMYSPACE

Following the huge success of social websites FaceBook and MySpace, I've created the anti-social websites InYourFaceBook and GetOutofMySpace. Instead of adding friends, you add your enemies. Then your computer randomly generates emails to them all.

Following is text of emails from the Stefan sites.

You have received this e-mail because you are considered a life-long and mortal enemy of Stefan. Take a moment to look around the websites InYourFaceBook and *GetOutofMySpace*

* Click here to watch me staring at the computer screen at work. A counter at the bottom of my screen keeps track of how many times I blink and a watch keeps track of the time since I last blinked.

* Click here to see details of my (imaginary) extravagant lifestyle. See pictures of the 20 bedroom mansion I claim is mine as well as pictures of fast cars that I wouldn't be let close enough to me to scratch with a key, let alone touch.

* Click here to view the supermodels and film stars that I claim I know.

* Click here to listen to me snoring in my sleep, brushing my teeth and going to the toilet.

* Click here for a list of my make believe qualifications from universities no-one has ever heard of and for long-named courses even I can't pronounce

* Click here to view pictures of places I've never visited, poems I've never written, dances that I've never danced and songs that I've never sung.

* Click here to view a profile of all my enemies, including photos, their addresses and work details, any secrets I've discovered about them and how much I can afford to pay to get them bumped off.

* Click here for links to other unsavoury websites, such as the Official Supporters of Synchronised Swimming and the ATO.

CONGRATULATIONS: You are the one millionth enemy added by Stefan. You automatically go into a draw to win a chance to have a subscription for a website not of your choice.

All runners up will just receive innumerable spam emails. (If I typed it the right way, the e-mail may get rejected)

Thank you for visiting *InYourFaceBook* and *GetOutofMySpace*

NEW YEAR SALES

Here's one New Years sale that you'll never see. Step into 2008 with this New Years Sale:

- | | |
|---|--|
| * 45 % off crime | * 20 % off credit card debt |
| * 60 % less drunks | * 15 % less unnecessary spending |
| * 40 % less drinking violence | * 95 % less global warming nonsense |
| * 70 % less druggies | * 60 % less car hoons |
| * 75 % less 'reality' TV | * 10 % off speeding |
| * 43 % off repeats | * 40 % less idiots |
| * 10 % less 'incidents' involving Stefan | * 35 % reduction in loud music |
| * 55 % less rowdiness on public transport | * 20 % less dodgy 'closing down' sales |
| * 45 % reduction in swearing | * 30 % reduction in greed |
| * 10 % off obesity | |

The best thing about it is that there's nothing to pay until 2012!

Stefan

Stefan Zone Exit

This fanzine is nearly over. To assuage your grief, please be aware that...

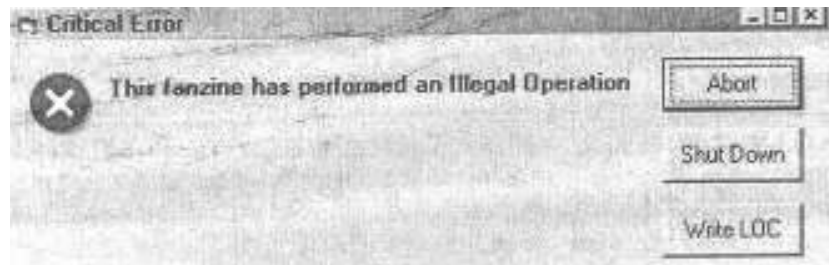
the 25th Corflu (the fanzine editors' world convention) will take place in Las Vegas NV at the Union Plaza Hotel & Casino on Friday, Saturday and Sunday, April 25-27, 2008.

Don't white out. If you can't attend Corflu in person at least be there in spirit.



Bottle of Correcting Fluid

Meet the folks



Teen emperor of Narre Warren

or

As much as you trust your children, you can't.



If Australian parents need a reminder of the downside of allowing teenagers to hold unsupervised parties, the events in Galloway Drive in Narre Warren South on Saturday night January 13th, 2008, gave them one.. Five hundred young people went on an alcohol-fuelled romp attacking police with rocks and bottles. The birthday bash at a two-storey suburban home was arranged by sixteen-year-old Corey, whose parents were away interstate.

When asked what advice he had for other teenagers considering throwing a party while mum and dad are away, he replied: *"Get me to do it for you. Best party ever, that's what everyone's saying."*



For some days, his parents hadn't had a chance to talk to their sociable son who was still in his party clothes the day after - unzipped jacket, loud cap and big sun glasses. *"I haven't really talked to them because every time they try to call, I don't answer. They'll probably kill me."*

Corey knew he had invited a lot of people but could not remember how the party started. *"I was just off my head,"* he said. He refused to take responsibility for any damage but he and his mates did try to clean up the mess.

Community reactions range from journalist Robyn Wuth: *"Wouldn't you love to get your hands around naughty Corey Delaney's scrawny little neck and squeeze till his eyes bulged? I want him to suffer. I want him to pay. I want him fined and flogged. I don't care that he's sixteen years old: he irritates me, his friends irritate me, even his parents irritate me."*

...to adolescent psychologist, Dr Michael Carr-Gregg: *"The teenage brain is a work in progress. The last part of the brain to develop is the part that assesses risk, calms down emotions and controls impulses. If your son or daughter has a history of keeping themselves safe then the y might be trusted to be left home alone."*

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Police arrested the Melbourne teenager who threw a wild party for 500 people at Narre Warren. Corey had earlier walked out of an interview with radio station Fox FM where a presenter wrestled with him and tried to pull off his sunglasses.

The cops have threatened to bill Corey up to \$20,000 after thirty officers, a helicopter and the dog squad were called to the party and police cars and neighbours' property were damaged.

His parents were reluctant to comment to the media pack at their house, although his Dad did say before meeting with police: *"I think he should be punished. We have our own views on what should happen and will discuss it with the police."*

It is rumoured that Corey charged admission of between one and ten dollars for entry to the riotous Saturday night party. The mother of one partygoer said some youths were hit with a cover charge.

"He was charging a gold coin to get in, then after the gates closed, they put it up to \$10 to get in. Quite a few were paying it," she said. Corey says he wants to do it all again.

Corey has lost no time in cashing in on his notoriety. He has done a deal with Zoo Weekly magazine and party promoters say he could earn up to \$10,000 working for them. Tim Sabre, of Raw Entertainment, said: *"(Corey) did a great job in the wrong place. I think he'd be very successful. We're prepared to put him in as a party promoter. We'd organise an underage party and have him as the host."*

House of Pain Records boss Raed Melki said Corey could pocket thousands for a night's work. *"He could get an up-front fee of \$5000 on the books, for promoting underage on a licensed premises."* I suppose that means that it's OK to corrupt youngsters by plying them with alcohol if you're an events promoter.



Methinks the lad's coming of age will be swift and stressful. Pause a moment to mourn the death of his childhood. Who among us has not, as a teen, crashed the odd party or three in their neighbourhood? What happened to Corey was fortuitous - or unfortunate, depending on his or his parents' present point of view.

A major bash in the area had been advertised on the Internet and generated so much interest from young people all over Melbourne that the organisers panicked and cancelled the event. This left hundreds of immigrant teens at a loose end. It may come as a surprise to some oldies that bored teenagers don't, as a general rule, pair off and have sex. What they do is text each other on their mobile phones to find out where the action is. A healthy teenage ethic since the Sumerians circa 6000 BC has been never to neglect any reasonable opportunity. So, in the absence of counter-conditioning, what followed was inevitable.

(You only have sex after texting if you're Shane Warne*; but he only *thinks* he's a teen).

** Shane Warne: Retired Aussie cricketer, infamous for his off-field trysts set up by on-field texting.*

Bill Wright